DODO

Mrs. Herbert Asquith, the Wife of the Ex-Cabinet Minister,

THE WITTIEST, CLEVEREST AND MOST POWERFUL WOMAN IN ENGLISH POLITICS AND THE HEROINE OF THE FAMOUS BOOK CALLED "DODO" HAS ELECTRIFIED LONDON SOCIETY BY DOING A SKIRT DANCE AT THE BIGGEST BALL OF THE SEASON.

MRS. ASQUITH AS A MOTHER

MISS MARGOT TENNANT AS "DODO"

THE RIGHT HONORABLE H.H. ASQUITH

THE POLITICAL SALON OF MRS. HERBERT ASQUITH.

DODO" has electrified London again. She danced a skirt dance at the swellest hunt ball of the the other night, and ended it with kick which made every dowager in om gasp for breath.

o's real name is Asquith—Mrs. Her- Asquith—wife of the ex-Home Secre- She is the smartest woman in Lon- nd the most daring.

is the only woman in England who salon.

has one, and a very remarkable one. itesman can be sure of success who ot go to Mrs. Asquith's salon—to t how the wind sets in certain very uarters.

net Ministers squabble for invita- o Mrs. Asquith's little dinners, and invited to one of her "evenings" make the fortune of any artist. Asquith is the first "Lady Marlbor- of modern high life.

makes and unmakes prelates, priests gnitaries.

blink of her pretty eyelids will about the fall of a high political l if she but wills it so. Mrs. h has more power in the social d than any woman in it except the cess of Wales.

M. E. F. Benson wrote a book about some four years ago. It was called Dodo."

That was when Mrs. Asquith was Mar- Tennant, but she has never been lled anything but Dodo since. That book ide a sensation.

Mr. Benson was a well-known clergy- an's son, and he chose as his heroine erratic young woman who smoked, who anced skirt dances, who went to a ball hree weeks after her baby died, and who arried in rapid succession two men, for ither of whom she cared a snap of her ger. The critics were scandalized.

"Mr. Benson holds this Dodo person up s an ideal society woman," they said; "it is unseemly."

Then society answered that Mr. Benson had drawn his heroine from life, that her name was Margot Tennant, and that she was even more unexpected in all things than Dodo ever dreamed of being.

"This real Dodo will be worth watching," said the philosophers, and all London sat down and watched.

Margot Tennant liked being watched.

She never disappointed her audience.

She formed a weird society called the "Souls."

No one knew who the "Souls" were, or many said they were "Souls" for, except Margot Tennant and the people who belonged to her society.

When she became tired of being a mystic she went in for charities. One was quite likely to meet a reformed pickpocket or a right-minded person just out of the Workhouse at her extremely smart little garden parties.

Then she spoke of a convent, and many of her friends feared she would end by taking the veil.

Instead of that she took a husband.

A steady, respectable British householder, Mr. Herbert Asquith, Home Secretary of England, a man of affairs, a serious man, a gentleman of high family—a widower with several children, a smallish fortune, and a score of years older than Miss Tennant.

"She'll divorce him," said some.

"She'll die of ennui," said others.

"He will tame her wild spirits," said others yet again.

They were all disappointed.

Mrs. Asquith is a devoted wife.

She has a beautiful child and adores it.

She has interested herself in serious things, and has made herself a power in English politics.

At the hunt ball at Melton she suddenly threw off the manner of Mrs. Herbert Asquith and became Dodo. All London is holding its breath and asking itself, "What next?"

This is what the book said about Dodo and matrimony.

"'Oh, it's all right,' said Bertie. 'He is devoted to her, and she is clever and stimulating. Personally, I shouldn't like a stimulating wife. I don't like stimulating people, I don't think they wear well. It would be like sipping brandy all day. Fancy having brandy at five o'clock tea! What a prospect, you know. Dodo's too smart for my taste.'

"'She never bores one,' said Jack.

"'No, but she makes me feel as if I was sitting under a flaming gas-burner, which was beating on to what nature designed to be my brain-cover.'"

And this is what London said about the real Dodo and her marriage (in the papers):

"Miss Tennant is well fitted for the wife of a brilliant and a rising man. Her remarkable abilities will be of invaluable service to him in his career."

In society they said:

"We'll be bored to death in a week."

For this is what Dodo said in the book about the husband who would make her happy:

"'My husband must be so devoted to me that anything I do will seem good and charming. You don't answer that requirement, as I've told you before. If I can't get that—I have got it, by the way—I must have a man who doesn't care what I do. You would have cared, you know it. You told me once I was in dreadfully bad form. Of course that clinched the matter. To my husband I must never be in bad form. If others did what I do it might be bad form, but with me, no. Bad form is one of those qualities which my husband must think impossible for me, simply because I am I.

"'Don't you see, I must have everything I want? It is what I live on, all this,' she said, spreading her hands out. 'All these people must know who I am, and that they should do that I must have everything at my command. Oh, it's all very well to talk of love in a cottage, but just wait till the chimney begins to smoke.

"'Then, of course, there's the question of money. I must have lots of money. Yes, a big must and a big lot.'"

This is the kind of man the real Dodo married:

Herbert Asquith, gentleman. Home Secretary of England. Forty-seven years old. Not rich. Philanthropic, practical, matter of fact, a stickler for "good form"—and a great believer in the higher influence of woman.

This is the way the Dodo in the book danced:

"The music flew on, as if all the winds of heaven were blowing it; then it slowed down, halted a moment, and repeaed itself till Dodo burst out: 'Oh, Edith, it's lovely! I want to dance.' She wheeled a table out of the way, kicked a chair across the room and began turning and twisting with breathless rapidity. Her graceful figure looked admirable in the quick movements of her impromptu dance. Bertie thought he had never seen anything so deliciously fresh. Dodo danced with peculiar abandon. Every inch of her moved in perfect time and harmony to the music.

"She had caught up a thin, Indian shawl from one of the sofas, and passed it behind her back, round her head, this way and that, bending, till at one moment it swept the ground in front of her, and at another flew in beautiful curves high above her head, till at last the music stopped, and she threw herself down exhausted in an armchair.

"'Oh, that was glorious,' she panted. 'I never felt like that before. I didn't dance at all, it was the music that danced, and pulled me along with it.'"

This is the dance with which the real Dodo has just electrified English society, as reported by the English correspondents by cable:

"The grand climax of the rollicking night was a pas de deux danced with every professional air and kick by Mrs. Herbert Asquith (formerly Margot Tennant) and Captain Lawson. It brought down the ball, though it was something novel to see an ex-Cabinet Minister's wife giving such an outre performance."

And all London's smart society is asking what will the cleverest woman in London do next?

How to Drive a Four-in-Hand--- By the Whip of the "400."

THE day of the common work horse is about done in the big cities. The coming of automobile carriages and motor trucks will seal his fate.

But the fancy horse for pleasure driving is coming right to the front. There never was a time when so much attention was given to the high-stepping hackney, the prancing coacher and the fast light harness horse.

There was a time when the aristocratic men and women who owned fine horses preferred to have coachmen drive for them. Now they want to handle the ribbons themselves.

Aurel Batonyi, who is New York's "King of the Whip" and teacher of the "400" in horsemanship, is now bringing out a book on the art of handling whip and reins.

"There is a "correct form" in this art, as there is in handshaking and bowing. To hold the reins with a graceful, flowing air over a four-in-hand or a frisky team is no mean trick. Mr. Batonyi has a "system" of instruction in this line, just as a music teacher has. Here is what he says:

"I teach in two ways—by machine and by actual driving. I always start the beginner on the machine. That is an arrangement consisting of a seat such as one finds on a coach and a series of weights attached to regular reins. By this means I teach them how to sit on the seat when driving and how to hold the lines. The weights represent the resistance of the horses pulling on the reins. After a thorough course in this primary department I take them on a coach and give them practical instructions.

"Besides New Yorkers I have a number of pupils from Chicago and not a few people come to New York for instruction from St. Louis and Milwaukee.

"I think the increased interest in driving comes from the horse fairs which have been held throughout the country within a few years.

"Before that to know how to drive properly was an infant industry or pastime. People are now recognizing that it is a fine art to know how to hold the reins, how to turn and how to handle the whip with accuracy, tact and grace.

"It takes special training and practice to do this in the different kinds of teams. Four-in-hands and tandems give, perhaps, the best opportunity for showy driving. But whoever drives at all now wants to do it correctly. It is one of the accomplishments that cannot be ignored.

"It is no simple matter to gather up four sets of reins in one hand so that every leader and wheeler is kept perfectly in hand, turned or brought to a stop by a movement of the wrist and fingers. It is not strength that is required so much as skill, and that is why it is such a fascinating sport.

"The day for necessary driving is about past. Electricity is pretty generally in use now; two years hence practically all hauling and necessary driving will be done by electricity. That will leave only pleasure riding to the horses. Thus horses that are now used in drawing trucks and wagons will be of no further use and will be a drug on the market. On the other hand, the demand for fine horses will be increased by the increasing demand for exportation."

Adjustable Mirrors for Jockeys, Bicyclists and Oarsmen to Enable Them to See What Is Going on Behind.

A Diet of Glass Is Not Fatal.

Does the eating of glass necessarily kill? Is the feat of the glass-eating phenomenon so remarkable after all? Dr. John E. Clark, of Detroit, a physician of repute in that city, believes that glass is harmless when properly powdered in the process of mastication.

"Soon after the Sanderson case came to trial at Battle Creek," says Dr. Clark, "I was lecturing before a class in toxicology at the Detroit Medical College. The charge that Mrs. Sanderson had killed her husband by giving him ground glass mixed with his food so interested us that I asked who in the class would assist me in making experiments as to the effect of glass upon the physical system.

"Three of the students offered their services and it was agreed that each of us should secure a dog upon which to experiment. One of the students was to feed his dog powdered glass; a second was to give pulverized glass to his; the third to feed his dog glass ground in a coffee mill, while I was to experiment upon my dog in various ways.

"At the expiration of a week all four dogs were alive and hearty. My animal had, in fact, gained two pounds in weight. We then killed the animals and held a post-mortem. We found not the slightest trace of glass in their systems, but on the contrary found that the exact amount had passed out of their systems which we had fed to them.

"So firmly convinced did one of the students become that powdered glass could have no deleterious effect upon the human system that he wrote to the prosecuting attorney at Battle Creek offering to place himself in his hands for a week and during that period to eat powdered glass mixed with his food. His offer, however, was not accepted."

TO GIVE JOCKEYS EYES IN THE BACKS OF THEIR HEADS.

"HINDSIGHT" is better than foresight in some contingencies, and a man who appreciates that fact has laid the foundation of a modest fortune in securing a patent upon a novel little device which supplies "hindsight" to the people who need it most.

"A post-visual reflector" is what Mr. Allan Taylor calls his new invention upon which letters patent have just been issued at Washington. It is an arrangement of adjusted mirrors which enables the wearer to see everything occurring within a certain range behind his back without turning his head. Literally it realizes the proverbial possession of "eyes in the back of one's head."

The post-visual reflector will be useful to jockeys, drivers of trotting or pacing horses, oarsmen and bicyclists. Mr. Taylor, a prominent hotel man of this city and Boston, is a devotee of "light harness" racing and a gentleman driver of wide renown. He knows the advantages to the driver who can watch the performance of antagonists in a closely fought "whipping finish," and at the same time keep his eyes upon the work of his own horse. The invention was born of that knowledge gained from actual experience.

For drivers and jockeys the post-visual reflectors are fastened to the bows of a pair of big spectacles fitted with clear glasses of no magnifying power. The glasses are intended as mud guards, to protect the eyes from the dirt thrown up by the horses' flying feet. The little reflectors are fastened above the glasses and set at an angle which brings the full width of a race track for a distance of 100 yards within clear range of vision. McDonald, the celebrated driver, has tried the device and gives it his enthusiastic praise.

For oarsmen and bicyclists the post-visual reflector is as valuable as it is to horsemen. Hardly a season passes but a dozen or so valuable racing shells on the Harlem, the Thames, the Schuylkill or the Charles are stove in by collision with floating logs by reason of the oarsmen's inability to "look out ahead," and few bicycle race meetings but are marked by one or two disastrous "spills" due to "hind end collisions."

Oarsmen and bicyclists do not need the mud guards, and for them a second patent issued to Mr. Taylor provides for the adjustment of the reflectors to a light head band which holds them in exact relative position to the eye, no matter at what angle the head of the wearer may be turned.

THE MOST ARTISTIC HOUSE IN LONDON.

WHAT is unquestionably the most artistic house in London is the new home of Mortimer Menpes, the artist. It is strictly Japanese in its scheme of decoration, which is the work of seventy Japanese and Chinese skilled artisans.

Metal workers, wood carvers, porcelain painters, silk weavers, together with a host of other skilled laborers, worked under his directions, with the ultimate result that he has created a house of infinite beauty.

The idea throughout is obviously "flowers," from the entrance halls, three in number, to the living rooms. The scheme of decoration that runs through each room is a different flower carried out to its minutest detail. Thus in the drawing room it is peonies; in the studio, camellias; in the dining room, cherry blossoms, and in the halls, chrysanthemums.

The ceiling of the drawing room consists of a series of square panels, with the flower carved in polished black wood, mounted on a base of gold. Apparently there are about 200 panels, yet no two are alike. The cornice, which may be described as an arched half-circle with its slim black curves showing the gold base through the spaces, connects the ceiling with a frieze of the same flower, except where it breaks over the slender divisions of the latticed window panes that are covered with transparent paper.

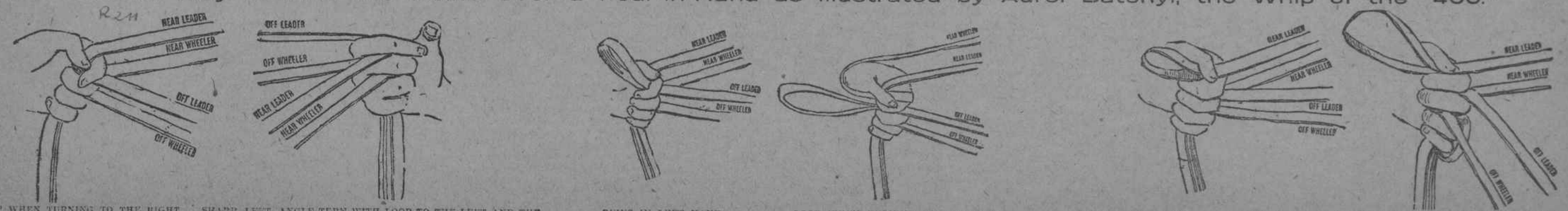
Each door is carved in the same design and studded at the corners with bronze worked in with the same flower, while their very handles represent raised peonies. The fireplace has copper fittings, and is tiled in black and yellow small check squares. Two gigantic bronze peonies support a long, slim glass.

The "camellia" studio adjoins. There may be seen in various stages of completion portraits of Arthur Balfour, of Sir Henry Irving, of Lady Edward Cecil, of Miss Pamela Plowden, of Miss Lily Desmond, and of the beautiful Miss Duncan—all to be on view at Mr. Menpes's forthcoming show, together with some of his color etchings, that include those of Sir Henry Irving and of Miss Constance Collier.

Below is the "cherry-blossom" dining-room. The bulk of the beautiful porcelain services were painted by the owner himself in Japanese pigments and fired in Japanese kilns.

"I intend," says Mr. Menpes, "to use this house alike for portrait painting as for starting a whole series of works in connection with Japanese and Chinese labor. Think of what can be done in electric fittings, in wood carvings, in metal work, in brocades! Talking of the difference between labor here and out there, my seventy workmen worked for a few pence a day and lived on the heads and tails of fish because they couldn't afford the middles."

Correct Way to Hold the Reins Over a Four-in-Hand as Illustrated by Aurel Batonyi, the Whip of the "400."



LOOP WHEN TURNING TO THE RIGHT. SHARP LEFT ANGLE TURN WITH LOOP TO THE LEFT AND THE RIGHT OPPOSITION. BELMONT WRAP. REINS IN LEFT HAND. LOOP WHEN TURNING TO THE LEFT. REINS IN RIGHT HAND. SHARP RIGHT ANGLE TURN WITH LOOP IN THE RIGHT AND LEFT OPPOSITION—WRAP AROUND THUMB.